



# Toike Oike

95.2 October OT1

The Wooden Indian Issue

Buying fitted sheets for a better society.

## The Legend of the Wooden Indian

As told by Paul Dabrowski

Time to put all the wacky rumors about some \$28 million 10 ft tall titanium Indian on ice. Here, straight from the horse's mouth, is the true story about everyone's favorite Native American hero. So when you tell your friends, at least you can get the facts right, for chrissakes.

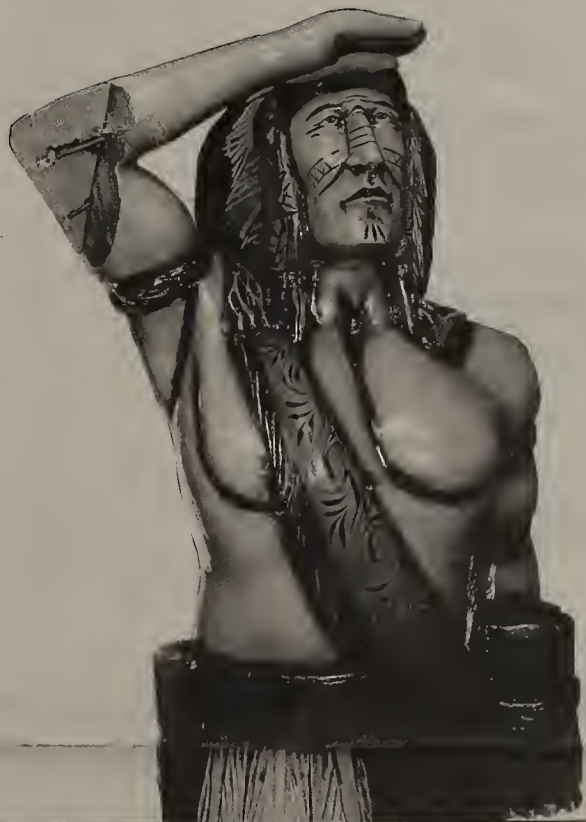
The mission: be the only Scavenger Hunt team to actually bring back one of the items on the Big Ticket Item list. The objective: a life-sized wooden Indian worth 800 points. The men: warriors of Mobius Band consisting of a 4th year EngSci, a 2nd year Indy (the humble narrator), and two frosh Mechs that will never be quite the same again.

Armed only with a backpack full of tools and our fox-like cunning, we approached the cigar store at McCaul and Baldwin. The Indian was standing with sentinel-like readiness just outside the entrance to the store. After a couple quick recon passes, the target was deemed to be free-standing, and ripe for the taking. We deployed across the street, taking cover amongst the restaurant goers of the street until the storefront was clear.

The plan was simple. Send in a frosh to ask the shopkeeper stupid questions as a distraction (this would be an easy job for a frosh; they do it all the time to profs). Meanwhile, the three remaining squad members would walk by the store, tip over the Indian and catch it, and proceed to the dust-off point around the corner. I mean, how heavy can a 74" wooden statue weigh, after all?

Without going into calculations, it was fucking heavy. So heavy, in fact, that when we picked it up and started to run with it, frosh number two, who was carrying the head portion at the time, tripped under the weight and fell. The elaborate headdress of our wooden friend landed on him, and part of the Chief's elbow broke off.

This caused enough ruckus for four shopkeepers to converge on the scene (two of them in cars), and the chase was over. Not knowing that the statue was broken, we proceeded to convince the owners that we would just put it back and be on our merry way, but they had other plans. They called 5-0 to have us charged, and we called campus police at 416-978-2222. Re-



The Wooden Indian - SKULE's Heaviest Engineer

member this number: it saved our asses, and it could save yours one day too.

This is when the REAL fun began. No less than 4 (four) squad cars showed up at the scene (must have been a quiet night), and we were in the

*We were in the back of the cop car before we could say "Not Guilty"*

back of the cop car before we could say "Not Guilty". The only words that filtered through the fogged windows were "charged", "theft", and "kicked out of engineering". It was then that I turned to the frosh and asked "So how do you iike Skule so far?"

After campus cops arrived on the scene, things eased up a bit. After talking awhile, the cop opened the car door and uttered words I'll never forget: "Do you guys have \$2800?" I

stared to laugh, thinking that we're royally screwed, but as I did it turned out that one of our membership had an AmEx on him. That was the OTHER thing that saved our ass.

It turns out (apparently) that 74" wooden cigar store Indians fetch \$2800 CDN on the market, and the store owners wouldn't let us fix the damn thing; they wanted it replaced. Even after we explained to them that we are engineers and we build bridges, they would not be swayed.

So we essentially purchased our stiff friend for the princely sum of \$2800, agreeing that doing so would waive the charges and make everything rosy again. Contrary to popular belief by certain members of Skule who think we were retarded for paying that amount of money, this was actually the wisest decision given our little situation. Anything to get out of losing our chance at an education, would you not agree? Now, I have to give credit where credit is due. The campus cops are great guys and without their help we would probably be telling this story to a fat guy named Boris in a prison shower, wishing we had soap on a rope. Don't

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## Engineering Society To Seek Bankruptcy Protection In "Multi-Coloured Shirt" Fiasco

Toronto, (Reuters) - In a shocking move, the University of Toronto Engineering Society, one of Canada's oldest and most respected student societies, today applied for Bankruptcy Protection. Apparently it all stems from some overzealous clothing aficionados.

"Well, orange was obvious," begins the Engineering Society (Engsoc)'s President, one Jim Karahalios. "You see, we ran our election campaign on a 'We promise to wear bright orange T-shirts' platform, something we referred to as 'Engsoc's New Attitude'. So, of course, we had to follow through." Four of the Society's five executives ran on a slate together. The fifth, Vice-President (Activities) John Rebello claims no responsibility whatsoever.

"So, like, I just wanted to run the best event ever, for F!rosh Week this year. When Jim, Eric, André, and what's-his-name started talking about T-Shirts, I was like: 'Cool. Sure. Orange? Whatever.' But then I wanted to make sure that I got one in the best colour ever, aquamarine, since I wasn't originally part of that orange crew."

But the 'gang' holding down Officer positions on the Society's executive, it would seem, just took things a little too far. As soon as word that Rebello was getting his own colour made the rounds, André Holder, Eric Leung and Eric Tang spoke up about the apparent disparity in importance. Why couldn't they have their own colours, too? Through a series of private meetings with Karahalios, the number of colours that all five officers were to be provided climbed to five, adding fuchsia, cobalt blue ("Because Rebello's aquamarine just didn't cut it

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# Toike Oike Issue 95.2

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## Was it really that painful?

Yes

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The (funny) OPSAT frosh.

## The Toike Oike Is...

A humorous newspaper associated with the University of Toronto Engineering Society. It is much funnier than its cousin, the Cannon. It publishes more pictures of drunken, karaoke-singing engineers per issue than any other campus newspaper.

## Disclaimer

The Toike Oike is a humorous newspaper. If you do not share its sense of humour, you are more than welcome to stop reading and seek a full refund of what you paid for it (nothing). The opinions contained in these hallowed pages do not necessarily represent those of the University of Toronto, its Engineering Society, our very kind sponsors, contributors, or anyone in general.

Unless noted to the contrary, all names have been changed to shield the unwitting from the immediate celebrity status real newspaper coverage brings to normal people and engineers.

If you feel you can write better material than my all star team of monkeys, feel free to do so and send it to me when you're done.

# Trixie on Finding Carnie Love at the Local County Fair

So, Don - high master of the toike oike - gave me the Trixie, baby talk. You know the one: "Trixie, baby, you're supposed to be writing an article on relationships - not giving engineers advice on how to pick up. That's just getting those engsci's one step closer to procreating... so hurry up and get your letter in." Soooo suitably chastised I'd like to talk about male sex symbols.

We all know the common ones: Brad Pitt, firemen, astronauts, Batman, Mario Baker, and for fourth year artie women trying to figure out how \ they're going to pay off there student loan - engineers. But few people know the secret male sex symbol - the carnie.

Sure carnies have been in popular culture a lot recently. Remember they were one of the two things that Austin Powers was afraid of (this important fact bought to you by some weird member of the bnad who thought I'd be impressed - I wasn't).

Anyway back to carnies. Is there anything more alluring than the sight of a carnie in his sweaty wife beater, all wirey arms and sun burnt, his mullet hair waving in the wind? It's more successful at making woman swoon than Roger Moore saying "We finally meet... Octopussy." in that classic James Bond movie.

Unfortunately, my only brush with carnie lovin' was when one told me that I was too beautiful to get on the Ferris wheel. But the Ex soon rolled out of town, and he rolled out of my life. The rest of high school I pined for him... then I discovered engineers - but that's another story.

Sonya\*, my illustrious colleague at the massage parlour, used to be a figure skater (I know you're thinking "what's this got to do with carnies" - but hold on). When visiting one of her friends who works at one of those ice princess figure skating extravaganzas, she met Richard\*\*, the carnie who

plied the art of the cotton candy machine. She told me all her first hand experiences with wild carnie lovin'.

The appeal of the carnie is that they're all good in bed. When they're not working or traveling all they do is have sex. Either with each other, or with the men and women they pick up - they all tend to swing both ways. They have no inhibitions from living on the road in cramped quarters.

And they have no problem moving across the country to be with you - as Sonya found out when Dick moved in during the off-season. But the best thing about carnies is they idea of a nice surprise: no not popcorn out behind the arena, genital piercings. Dick came home one day to Sonya - and that was his nice surprise (for those of you who don't know, it goes right though the end). Although she was initially grossed out (I think the thought grosses out everyone) when it finally healed it was very enjoyable.

So now you know, that's why carnies get more dates.

Love  
Trixie

P.S. Skeet from Texas says he's had good success with the line "What do y'all do in this town for fun." Although it helps if you actually have a Texas accent. Any other good pickup lines e-mail me at trixie\_baby@hotmail.com

P.P.S. If you're hung-over to put on deodorant, you're too hung-over to come to class. Especially if you're going to sit next to me.

\*Some names have been changed - but not this one, because what could be funnier than a girl named Sonya working at a massage parlour - well maybe a girl named Trixie....

\*\*I changed this one for the humorous nickname.

# Nyquil: It's Like They Never Really Explained It

By: Michael Diez d'Aux

Today's engineer student encounters much difficulty on the way to his/her iron ring, and one of the hurdles that we all experience is the dreaded "sleep" factor. It seems as though there is never enough time for a good sleep, and much of the time it is difficult to relax because of that impending civil problem set, that chem lab, that bad sushi purchased at the Mariott, and those cramped fingers from excessive amounts of Euchre. Even on the weekends we don't seem to get enough sleep! Sure, we could design a day with more hours, but that would render all the antihistamines (24 hour relief!) obsolete, not to mention rush hour, which would end up getting a bigger time al-

## Nyquil: Knocks you the f\*\*k out.

lotment. However, there is another answer, an answer so simple you may have already seen it in the title.

I only tried Nyquil for the first time a week ago, and I can honestly say that Corporate America has failed, once again, to provide the public with a clear set of guidelines on the purpose or reason behind a product (this is also evident when considering nasal spray). Everybody knows that Nyquil is a Sneezing Sniffling Aching Constipating Adjudicating Elucidating Felicitating "Straight Lovin', Big Thuggin'" So You Can Get Your Sleep Medicine. However, not many people actually know how to translate this into real language. Here is the translation: It Knocks You The Fuck Out! I actually slept for 14 hours with the flu, and I woke up in exactly the same position as I went to sleep in! Immediately, I realized the potential of this wonder drug, that being: Hey, I can sleep well again! (something totally foreign to me since Frosh Week, during which I actually committed "anti-sleep", a powerful weapon harnessed only by the KGB, and used for interrogation purposes).

So we can see that this new weapon against fatigue has many advantages. However, just like Old Spice, some weapons can give you the proverbial "rash" if used too frequently, so be careful. But with the knowledge that too much may cause certain parts of your brain to die (but we won't tell you 'till after sports and the weather!), today's modern engineer can now walk forward into Skule with his/her head held in whatever manner he/she pleases, and complete the day with only a relatively small amount of fatigue. I also propose that Nyquil change it's slogan to the following: Nyquil. Knocks you the fuck out.

## Engineering Stores stores@skule.ca

### "buy stuff... from us"

Engineering Stores is your source for Skule supplies. We've got most of the stuff you'll need for class, and that's why you should "buy stuff... from us"



## Renegade Electrical Engineers Deify Thomas Edison

Proclaim Tesla to be "Unholy Master of Alternating Current", Burn Effigy

By Michael Studnberg, Elec 0T5

It has been revealed that a small group of renegade electrical engineers have held a ritualistic ceremony in which they deified Ohio-native and world-famous inventor Thomas Alva Edison.

The source of the still-sketchy information is an anonymous engineering science frosh unfortunate enough to have been nearby working on a problem set late at night. "I was working on a CIV 102 problem set in SUDS. I tend to lose all track of time and control of my bodily functions in such circumstances, but I believe it was around 3 in the morning. All of a sudden, about ten students wearing these long, red robes came filing in," said the anonymous eng sci.

According to the student, the male leading the procession "was dragging something that looked like a dead body." Later, it was determined to be

an effigy of Croatian-native Nikola Tesla, Edison's lifelong nemesis. "He wasn't treating it very well, he nailed it up to a wooden pole." The effigy was then ritualistically shocked with 50 000 VDC stun guns until the fabric caught fire. "The whole time, they kept chanting 'Burn in Hell, Tesla, Unholy Master of the Alternating Current and Dark Prince of Efficient Power Delivery!'" the eng sci recounted. "It was pretty catchy."

Although the eng sci's report is as of yet unsubstantiated, he claims the robed individuals then sacrificed a first year Indy. "He didn't have a clue as to what was going on. They kept telling him they were taking him to SUDS for a beverage. He kept telling them that he was only 18. What a moron."

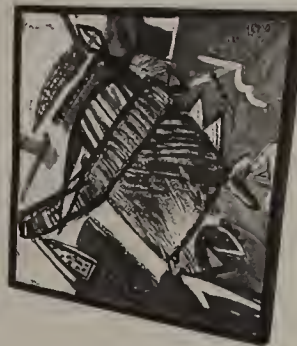
After the slaying of the Indy, the lead student proclaimed Edison to be "the Sacred Lord of Electric Potential Difference". Then, "They cleaned up and left. It was over in ten minutes," the eng sci says. "I guess if you don't believe me, you could check for a missing Indy; but, then again, who cares?"

There was going to be a really funny article right here about Base Jumping from the Bloor Street Viaduct, but it got pulled in review. In the mean time, there's always room for more f!rosh pictures.



## First Year Eng Sci TA's Deemed Useless

There have been many reports coming from the Toike's many correspondents that the current first year Eng Sci TA's are "useless." One Eng Sci student went even as far as saying that "the TA's make even less sense than the Profs. At least the Profs look like they know what they are doing; they don't have this dumb founded look that is typical of our TA's." The truth of this statement is yet to be established but it goes without saying that the situation must be really grave if the TA's are doing worse than the Profs. It is a fact known far and wide that no one can confuse you quite like a Prof. This long known fact may now have to be re-analyzed with this new information.



The TA's are as useful as this "art".

One specific area where the TA's are reported to be dreadfully bad is in physics labs. Apparently, one physics TA couldn't even open the door to the lab. One student describes the ordeal: "We had to tell the TA that he had to turn the door knob ... for some reason he was pulling it." Due to the obvious under qualification of the Physics TA's in particular, I decided to ask the lab coordinator about the performance of the TA's. "What do you expect me to do?" he said. "The division hired TA's from the University's faculty of Arts and Science. These TA's have never experienced the Eng Sci curriculum or any other Engineering curriculum; for that matter ... they have no idea about what is going on. Heck,

to be honest I have no idea about what is going on most of the time."

Trying to look for more answers I decided talk to the chair of the division. "The problem is that there aren't many engineers that are available to be TA's. Most engineers find real jobs once they get their undergraduate degrees," she said. "However, the division is looking at

hiring wooden indians to TA some classes. Preliminary tests have shown that the wooden indians are more animated and knowledgeable than the current TA's. As a plus, the indians can be used to prop doors open, eliminating the problem of many TA's not knowing how to open

doors." Wooden indians? ... come to think of it the idea doesn't sound that bad. Wow someone from the faculty is on the ball for once!

The situation in physics seems to be similar in most of the other tutorials in Eng Sci. But how much can you really expect when an artsy is at the helm? (That's a rhetorical question which I am sure that you know the answer to.) Will the indians be any better? Most definitely ... but how much better will they be? Only time will tell. Whatever steps are taken to amend the problem, wooden indians or anything for that matter, you can count on the Toike to be the first to report. However, before any steps are taken, one thing must be remembered: NO ONE really understands Eng Sci problem sets anyway.

## Heinous Fart Evacuates Circuits Lab

Toronto (Toike) - Late last Friday the regularly scheduled ECE 250 practical was momentarily suspended due to an unexpected guest. Students were abuzz in the lab, conducting normal business, when a sudden and overwhelming odor arose. Eyewitnesses from the scene described it as "vile, and vegetable-like, with a touch of sweetness that made it all the more disgusting."

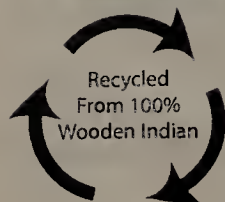
No one on the scene was sure who propagated the flatulence since those nearby the central locus would not flee from the lab as those on the fringe did. "I bet whoever it was that did it realized that there were so many people standing at that spot that it was safe to let it rip. Then those poor bastards had

to sit there and bask in the fumes because they didn't want to be the one blowing the whistle. They were all caught in a web of mutual innocence. As long as no one moved, no one would be pinpointed as the fiend," said a stunned student standing just by the door. "That smell is absolutely disgusting; I haven't smelled anything like that since '94 when Benny Quagmire won the boiled egg/broccoli eating contest."

After crawling across the entire lab, the fart quickly dissipated, though not before generating a plethora of coughs, gags, and snide commentary. Perhaps the lab demonstrator said it best: "Let us hope that the likes of such a fart shall not again defile the sanctity of this lab."

## SAC Elections

Are not important and likely never will be. There are only two groups running for the executive positions: one is branding them selves with an un-brand (NoLogo), and the other is, quite literally, a bunch of puppets. SAC apathy is reaching nearly impossible heights.





## From Wooden Indian Story - Page 1

hesitate to hug the mice the next time you see them. Even the real cops turned out to be not quite the assholes that they first came across as. They eventually saw the humor of the situation, and I gathered that they were on our side once the dust settled.

Once the cops left, and the transaction was completed, we called for backup, and began the journey back to Skule. However, it appears that wooden Indians are a hot commodity these days, as we didn't get far before a car stopped on McCaul, and two guys asked us if they could buy our Indian. Being ecstatic at the possibility of unloading the hunk of crap in less than an hour, we replied "Hell yeah!" But there was something that the prospective buyer didn't trust about a bunch of young punks somehow "acquiring" one on the street, and trying to hawk it. They must have heard sirens in the background. I tried to show them the receipt, and explain that indeed, we were the true owners, but they sped off. So much for that.

After many hilarious pictures being taken at SUDS, and a brief stay at Engineering Stores, the Indian now chills in the mysterious basement of MP, where he is locked in a secret room and guarded around-the-clock. Being the handymen that we are, the Indian is in tip-top shape, with the aid of a little carpenter's glue, wood filler, spectrometer-matched oil paint, varnish, and elbow grease. Lots and lots of elbow grease.

And our reward for risking our futures in the acquisition of this new

piece of furniture, you ask? Why, a handful of free SUDS beers, to be distributed amongst our team! That's right, Skule's newest member and unofficial second mascot was not enough to secure first prize in the Scavenger Hunt. The noble and daring heroes of Mobius Band finished second. Cue the violin music.

I would like to point out that a wooden Indian looks great in a garden; it would put to shame your gossipy neighbor's garden gnome for sure! When placed anywhere around the house, a cigar Indian will really tied the room together. He makes a great friend for your loner child who doesn't play with the neighborhood children like other kids his age. And nothing is better at scaring off burglars than the imposing silhouette of a 6 ft tall Native American warrior in full headdress. Keeps those damn raccoons away from your garbage too!

So if anyone is interested in this once-in-a-lifetime offer, or can help out, feel free to contact myself or anyone who cares at [toike@skule.ca](mailto:toike@skule.ca) or call us at (416) 978-2917. For less than the cost of a cup of coffee a day for the next 7.67 years, you can sponsor a wooden Indian just like this one, and give four poor students the chance to pay for their education. The phone lines will be open for the next 2 hours. Or days. Or weeks. Or months.

**Note: The Toike does not encourage or condone criminal activity. We do, however, concede that it can make for a truly funny story.**

## The Numbers behind the October Toike

OPSATs Read: 672

Those that were found to be funny or stupid and therefore printable: 42

Times "Mike Harris Sucks" written across image of the "premier": 187

Times "Mike Harris Rocks" written across image of the "premier": 6

People who really ought to re-evaluate their political affiliations: 6

F!rosh who would have passed if it were a real exam: 3

Varshittys "misplaced" around campus to make room for the last Toike: 3200

Number of these that would have actually been read: 263

Day of the year "pole day" is to be celebrated: 263

Odd coincidence? Perhaps.

Number of Elvis Busts "retrieved" for the scavenger hunt: 3

Number detonated: (unfortunately) 0

## Why You Should Be Very, Very Happy Guys Have An Extra Rib

Frank Caruso

I was talking to my colleague Brian the other day about his broken hand, and the difficulties it was causing him when I was struck by a revelation. Many of you know that guys have one more rib than girls do. This seems kind of strange. In most cases we have the same general body parts, just on different scales, and sometimes in different places, but to have an extra part just thrown in there? Seems kind of strange. Evolution doesn't usually do that kind of thing (probably because, as any good industrial "engineer" knows: "standardize, standardize, standardize!!"). There must be a damn good reason for that rib, and that reason must have a pretty big influence on either survival or procreation.

So back to Brian's hand: there are some things that he just can't do with that hand anymore. I'm not saying what those things are (because you've already guessed) and I'm not saying he does them often (he does) or even at all (he does), but he has a definite preference for using a certain hand while doing these things. When we considered what would happen if he had two broken hands instead of one, we ran up against a problem. You see, with no useable hands Brian would have to write, tie his shoes, and do the other things I'm almost talking about with his mouth. That would be nasty, but it would also be nearly impossible. You see, Brian can't reach his "shoes" with his mouth. No, I'm not really talking about his shoes, but you get the idea.

Why can't Brian reach that far? Because he is terribly under equipped. But the fact remains that I can't reach

either (yes I've tried, no I wasn't sober, yes it really hurt, no I don't have pictures, yes I was disappointed, no I won't show you) and it's all because of that extra rib. And that, of course, is why it is there. Imagine, if you will, a

*Evolution doesn't usually do that kind of thing (probably because, as any good industrial "engineer" knows: "standardize, standardize, standardize!!")*

world where guys could reach their "shoes" with their mouths: there would be no reason for sex; it would be like a break from the real fun. No sex means no reason for mating, which means no kids. Evolution doesn't like that no kids business. Furthermore, we probably wouldn't ever leave the house (which means no food), and we might not even bother coming up for air, so we would probably die before we hit 14 years old. We wouldn't have any reason to impress girls, so no hygiene (plagues) no big houses or fast cars (poverty) no need for bars or clubs (boredom). Basically human society would fall apart and die. Even if for some reason (say to have somebody cook for us) we had continued to marry and procreate, in this modern day of Women's Lib and Microwaves, most guys really wouldn't have any use for women at all. It would be armageddon (just a lot slower...and messier).

So everyone, take some time today to thank whatever gods you may believe in for that extra rib that makes life itself possible today.

## Talent? Yeah Right.



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## First Year EngScis begin Quest Future spouses are somewhere out there.

First year EngScis have found their new direction in life, and have adapted quickly. At the EngSci departmental lunch they were given their new mission - to work hard, hang in there, wear their hard-hats with pride, and fornicate as if tomorrow would never come. In a concise, motivating and defining speech, Professor Cheng, Chair of the Engineering Science Department set the tone for the four years that a few of the seated frosh would continue through. Rousing phrases, encouraging the poor misguided souls to "do their best", "rely on each other", and "have fun!" were completely overshadowed by "You will find your future spouses amongst your classmates." This is reported to have created quite a stir amongst the crowd. Furtive glances back and forth. Had this been an average engineering class, one thought would be running through every mind: "Hmmm... how many can I get?". But, naturally - being engineers of the highest calibre, complex derivations with numerous permutations and combinations had to be made. Naturally, the theoretical values are now being applied to the real world. Thus it has come to pass - the class of OT5 has thrown themselves into their new project with great gusto, poor pickup lines, and numerous plans of offence, defence, and interference with a sheer sexual fanaticism. Various attempts to

implement these plans have been made by individual frosh, but with little success thus far. This form of hands-on experimentation is new to recent high-school graduates, and as one particularly divergent thinker noted - "The faculty is making unfair demands of us - this project is far too large... perhaps a group approach would make more sense."

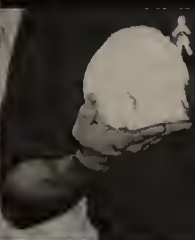
In related news, a wooden Indian was recently seen leaving its usual resting place with an engineer, who was obviously anxious to prove Professor Cheng correct, and earn a place for himself amongst his peers. However, many engineers feel this is "unsportsman-like", and a certain Industrial Engineer described it as being a "jolly bad show". There seems to have been a transfer of funds between the two parties, sometime before they left the area. It is generally felt that this method of proof is immoral, unethical, and not worthy of the long-standing traditions and expectations that come with being beneath a hard-hat. Perhaps, most importantly, it might be unsafe. Would the Indian consider trading in a lifetime of opportunities for a few moments of stolen pleasure? When asked about its transgressions, the wooden Indian had no comment to offer.

Professor Cheng's predictions of marital bliss are still to be proven.

## Purple Dye Found to Cause Impotence, Extreme Drunkenness

In the aftermath of F!rosh Week, the Toike Investigative Team (TIT) decided to investigate exactly what that purple dye does. One anonymous, but very purple, frosh, was able to shed some light on this issue. Having picked up a "very swank somebody" at F!rosh Nite, the said frosh returned to his residence, to find that "I just couldn't get it up. I mean, this has never happened to me before." When asked if he thought the purple dye was at fault, the frosh ran away screaming something about "those damn engineers" and immediately transferred to the Faculty of Arts and Science. The TIT was unable to find any similar cases, from which it could only conclude that nobody got laid during F!rosh Week. In search of other ailments caused by the purple dye, the TIT noted that those who were purple seemed to be in a constant inebriated state. When questioned about this, Orientation Chair John Rebello, looking very hung over, responded, "I did not have s---, I mean, there is nothing wrong with that dye." The TIT is presently investigating both of these statements.

## Hey Trinity



It's mid-September.  
Do you know where  
your skull is?

## Rebello Throws Massive Party, Calls It "F!rosh Week"

### Toike Staff

On Tuesday September 4, 2001 John Rebello awoke with an idea, a very good idea. "Why don't I throw a huge party?" he thought. "And why don't I start it today?" And with that he was off like a scurrying chipmunk, gathering party supplies and telling all the engineers about his concept of "F!rosh Week OT1". Within hours F!rosh and leaders alike were gathering on the steps of



Let this be a lesson to everyone: Drunken Karaoke is a dangerous thing, not to be attempted in the close proximity of cameras or Toike staff.

Con Hall. Soon Rebello stepped up to the microphone and said "Welcome to F!rosh Week OT1 - where every event is the BEST EVENT EVER!" After a brief ceremony, engineers poured out of the great hall in a veritable orgy of enthusiasm. Soon frosh were jumping into huge vats of toxic purple dye, following their leaders all around campus, shouting such slogans at the artsies "You're an artsie, you're an artsie, you're an artsie overjoyed. But you'll always be an artsie, and you'll never be employed." Following the construction of many human pyramids and many attempted hard hat kidnappings, the exuberant crowd performed a tour of Ry High and proceeded down to Nathan Phillips Square for a massive water fight.

On Wednesday the funnier and less in-the-loop frosh wrote the OPSAT exam [published in this issue - Ed.], followed by a fascinating survival session in Con Hall. One frosh went so far as to say "it was the most sleep I had all week." After waking up the frosh and eating a huge lunch at Hart House, all the engineers decided to help those less fortunate by screaming at passers-by until they emptied their wallets.

Thursday brought much sadness to the faculty. It appeared, for a brief and gloomy moment, that the engineers had lost the inter-collegiate bed races

to New College. The New College victory was overturned in short order when it was announced that they were

not, in fact, engineers. So the students and staff returned contented to SUDS where they drank their now mostly forgotten misery away.

Friday brought the most nefarious and fun event of the week: the Scavenger Hunt. How Rebello thought of "getting engineers to take stuff" is beyond comprehension, but it was a truly brilliant and unique idea. The obvious winners, Mobius Band, were able to capture the Wooden Indian, a Commodore 64, three Elvis busts, hot Wendy's food, and a breathtaking remix of the Tetris theme. On the same evening, an engineer from a group that didn't win brought back on of Trinity's skulls. A momentous achievement indeed, but it still didn't win them the game.

Unfortunately, Saturday sucked, with almost no frosh in attendance. A dismayed, although still extremely drunk, Rebello said only "well guys, we fought the good fight. And I was kinda hoping that this thing would last until, like, ...October, but I'm going to have to call it here..." and then he fell over. Everyone went to O'Grady's for some drunken karaoke, and F!rosh Week was pronounced "slumbering" until next fall.

Perhaps the week was best captured in these words by a bad leader "F!rosh week was great! And I don't even remember half of it."

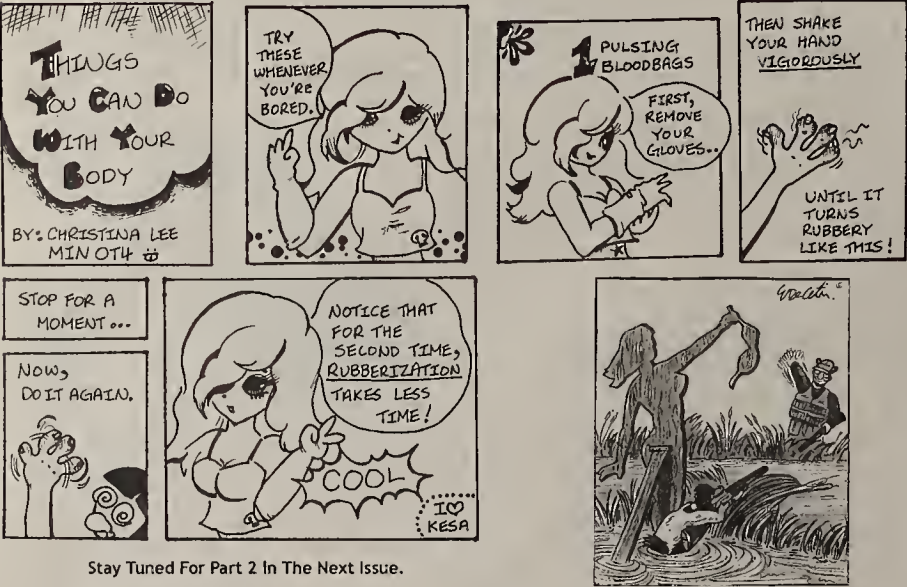
See "F!rosh Week In Pictures" on page 8

### WHAT THE...





Toike Comics



Stay Tuned For Part 2 In The Next Issue.

Adventurer's Mark



FIRIG - Starring Darth Netterfield



Engineering Stores Begins Selling \$2800 Wooden Indians

Toronto (Toike) – In a stunning marketing move, the management of Engineering Stores announced the acquisition of some extremely classy life-sized wooden Indians. Though Wooden Native American would be the more apt term, Engineering Stores is selling the wooden statues by their most renowned name. A worker at the store, who asked to remain anonymous, explained the decision: “We thought we would go a little more high-end this year. These nifty SKULE hats and Wooden Indians are pushing us up a tier in the vicious world of retail sales. I mean, you can’t beat these prices for the quality you’re getting. Consider this: under twenty dollars for a great hat, and only twenty-eight hundred dollars for this fine piece of wooden craftsmanship. These prices are unbeatable.”

Currently Engineering Stores has only one Wooden Indian in stock. It is listed as “re-manufactured” and management was tight-lipped about its acquisition: “We will have more in stock as soon as we sell the first one. You have to understand these are big-ticket items worth well over eight hundred points—ahem, I mean eight-hundred dollars. It’s a bit damaged because... it fell off a truck, but some dedicated students from Möbius Band, the infamous perennial Seavenger Hunt favourite, volunteered to help us in the repair process. Nonetheless, we are confident that these will be quick sellers especially among the crazier of the engineers.”

**Yes!**

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**Toike Oike**



## EngSoc Buys Too Many Shirts - From Page One

as a real blue" explains Tang, and white with navy blue horizontal stripes ("To match my only other shirt!" - Leung).

Always looking ahead, the Society's Officers quickly realized that they needed something for more respectable occasions. Hence, white. And for parties at conferences? Hawaiian print. All of these were emblazoned with the now infamous "Engsoc's New Attitude" slogan.

Faced with mounting bills, John Wheeler, the Society's sprightly office manager, sounded the alarm. In an open letter to the student body, Wheeler tendered his resignation, explaining that the overwhelming combination of debt and bad taste had left him with no other option.

With Wheeler's departure, the now rudderless Society careened quickly to its destruction. More shirts were ordered. "We can quit whenever we want. Just one more colour. Really."

The outlook for the fabled society is dark. It needs new, strong leadership. Perhaps Wabbit, the incoming SAC president, would be willing to shift his priorities and rescue a truly worthy students' union.

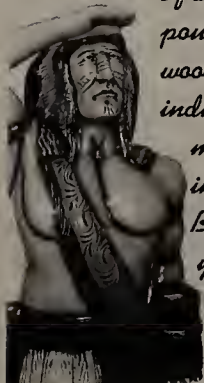
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# LGMB



Yes it's true.  
The LGMB  
wants you!

If a 300  
pound  
wooden  
indian can  
march  
in the  
BNAD,  
you can  
too!



## OPSAT Cayos! Pi Deemed Rational!

It's that time of year again. Time for the frosch to realize that they are not, as is commonly believed, "the shit", and are, in fact, stupid. On occasion they are funny stupid, but most often they are just stupid stupid. All text is just the way the frosch wrote it. I have not corrected or worsened any spelling.

There is probably a fifty percent chance of this resulting in a new nuclear arms race. Take for instance, the rest of the world may want to use this missile defense system, which inturn may result in conflict.

In mathematics there are no limits.

Bob! Bob! Bob!

The world is built of power, who ever has the power controls what others do. Nuclear wars cause cayos in society and do not solve any problems. Nuclear wars cause more problems, than the ones the sopsibly solve. The new diffense system the sates has will cause a nuclear arms race.

That's it. I quit. I'm dropping out of Engineering and taking philosophy.

So, as has been displayed, the Mighty SkuleTM Cannon represents a good penis, it makes noise, and it takes skill to construct.

Factor my ass.

I would say irrational because this question makes no sense anyway.

I refuse to answer this question [about integration] on the grounds of bias & racism towards me & my people.

Their mascots symbolize their subconscious need to over-compensate for the



Mike says thanks

inferior penis size of the mail engineers and the female engineers' resulting sexual frustration... We symbolize the might of our Engineers with a mascot that represents what we truly focus on during our years at U of T: blowing shit up.

My brain doesn't work. It's been dyed purple.

In a male-dominated field like engineering, it is obvious that both the Mighty SkuleTM Cannon and Queen's Grease Pole are merely phallic symbols. The Mighty SkuleTM Cannon is clearly superior because it is able to fire.

irrational, since this is a guess.

My second point concerns the current president, president Bush. President Bush, known as Dubya, is also known as an idiot. He has serious trouble distinguishing his right foot from his left and as such I do not believe that he is adequately equipped (mentally) to handle large decisions. Dubya should restrict himself to killing the natural resources by drilling for oil, and try not to piss off other countries.

Oh my gosh, the guy in front of me is actually trying! He's doing long division! He must be an ENGSCI!

... Either way the TA is a bitch so I'm not going to get the marks.

... After that the biob aliens would likely use humanity's weakened state to their advantage and invade. They would then take humans as slaves and then we would really be fucked up the ass (of course I mean figuratively rather than literally - biob aliens don't have didgits and there for couldn't possibly fuck us in the ass, of anywhere else for that matter.)

Do you scare way a bear in the woods by running at him with a stick on one hand, screaming?

I think the clowns are actually running a meth lab.

Tension in string is decreasing because the pine-scented air freshener is losing molecules that are being absorbed into Homer's nose allowing him the pleasure of the

scent.

A + adj B = A big breasted woman stopped to ask why we were as purple as Barny!

= bla... bla... bla... bla... (this would be the point where someone who knew the answer would or probably should be speaking) and the final answer is... well

I would say, but I prefer not too.

```
for(int i=0; i<400; i++){
    cout << "The cannon is great cause it shoots stuff";
}
```



The United States sux anus. Go Canada! Woohoo! Where's the beer?!

i	π	3	6.47	9	e	π	√2	tan(3)	12
6	0	i	h	0	0	10	6	2	1
2	3	λ	r	x <sup>2</sup>	p	r	5	π	2
e	9	2	0	6	5	9	0	tan(2)	2
π	why	is	6	afnd	of	the	unbr	7	0
0	e	10	Brnue	7	e	9	r	0	π
6	2	λ	r	1	p	5	2	1/2	10
Σ	3	π	2	i	526	e	3	2	w
α	4	9	r	π	λ	0	2	3	9
12	5	3	l	p	√2	e	5	π	42

... It's true

The United States' new missile defense system will result in a world peace rather than a new nuclear arms race. Since they have already been named as the #1 country in the world, its useless to have another race. United States is known to the people as an all in all country. There is no need to prove further. Eventhough it sounds impossible to have world peace, United States will take it as a challenge and possibly achieve it. They will utilize their power, weapons and people to achieve this. Most countries fear of the United States because of their achievements among the commonwealth countries. They have made it possible to be recognized as the #1 country. They evolve around patriotism.

Recently, the United States has developed a new missile defense system. This system involves the use of nuclear weapons...

As history has shown Americans have always been able to keep the peace around the world in the last 15-20 years...

I have to write 471 more words to finish this essay: chicken chicken chicken chicken chicken + (157) x (chicken) = the end J

This examination means nothing. It is illegal, unreasonable and invalid. That is the reason I left so many spaces blank.

How many rogue nations are there really? I think none.



# F!rosh Week In Pictures

